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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

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SELECTED ARTICLES.

PREACHING.

It is not preaching that kills preachers. It is something else. It is dyspepsia acquired in college or in school, where ignorant students are allowed to attend to their minds and neglect their stomachs, till both are wrecked for life. It is burning gas and larvae in close rooms at midnight when they ought to be in bed, and sleeping in the morning when they ought to be up and out of doors. It is sitting down in the study with a cigar and a pen, and trying to outdo a dry theory for a Sunday essay, instead of walking abroad among the poor, the sick, the tempted, the busy, and the tired, giving each a gracious word, and fetching back a half a dozen sermon-bulldozers within the hour.

It is being hired and tied to talk, the same thing over and over, month after month, to a dull, sleepy congregation who seek the life and freshness out of a preacher's soul, instead of looking out for a raid among the powers of darkness, and meeting the wicked, the neglected, and the prodigal, and pouring from a burning oil inspired by the Holy Ghost, the glad words of peace and blessing into the assemblies of those whose hearing ears, and hungry hearts, and tearful eyes, will bear your glad witness that the labor is not in vain in the Lord.

It is being idly in parlors, being dined and wooed by the rich brethren, and fed on mince pies and plum puddings by the dear sisters who think "nothing is too good for the ministers," until, sick and weary of such a life, a sensible man would long for the luxuries of bean bread, and cold potatoes, instead of being temperate in all things, abstemious, active, vigorous, earnest, and alive. It is in spending hours and hours writing dry essays which no one else will ever read, rather than in studying the living word until it dwells richly within the heart, and then pouring it out to thirsty souls like the gush of living fountain. It is in standing up half-dressed with a stiff cravat and close collar, bending the neck and cramping every vocal organ in the effort to read a prose sermon, till the face is livid and the brain paralyzed, instead of standing erect, free, and clear, and talking earnest common sense, and good gospel to persons who need it, and love it, and long to hear it poured forth. It is in having too much of man, and that of a poor quality, and too little of God within the soul; too much of human weakness and too little of divine power; too much sectarian feeling, and too little of broad, all-embracing Christian love; too much of narrow craft and thimble-dickness, and too little of that heroic faith that moves the mountains, and plucks up the scycamore trees, and defies fire, and smites at dangers, and laughs at impossibilities, and lends forever on the arm of God.

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AN IRISH TRIP.

"Will you never give up those trips, Terrence? It is so lonely staying here nights, and, besides, I am fearful that some one will break in and rob the house and murder us all. I never say my prayers and go to bed without trembling for my own life and that of the children," and the little woman hung upon the arm of the strong man, looking at him with tearful eyes to give up his wandering life (that of a peddler) and settle down.

"As soon as I have gathered enough together to buy me a bit of ground, or what would be better still, to emigrate to America, that blessed land of freedom, where, as the song says, there's bread and work for all, and the bright sun is always shining, I'll gladly give up carrying the pack, for it is no easy work in the best."

"Only think of the money you have in the house now, husband, dear! Surely there is enough to take us across the sea—you and I and the children, and Bridget, too, if she likes to go."

Bridget was the servant girl who helped the wife of the peddler and was her sole companion when he was away, and her eyes shined with apparent delight when she heard the proposition. But she said nothing, and "the master" continued:

"It is true for you, Kathleen, that I have a matter of an hundred pounds—or so, which I shall leave for you to take care of; and if I have good luck this trip, I promise you to either remain at home or go to America, bless her. It's a good friend she has been to Ireland, and many is the poor soul she has kept from starving. So take good care of the gold and the children, Kathleen, you and Bridget, until I come back," and he kissed his wife and, bright-eyed, early-loaded, gave Bridget the good-bye, shouldered his pack, and strode stoutly away, whistling merrily.

His heart was light, his form strong, he had none of the fears of his wife, and was looking forward joyfully to the time when he would have a little home, a pig and a cow and a patch of potatoes; that would belong to himself alone, and over which no hard-hearted steward or non-resident landlord could claim control, although he would willingly pay his tithe to the church.

Terrence O'Brien was a peddler by profession, and was called a "stare-headed" man. His family consisted of the good wife, two children, a boy of scarcely three years, a baby, and the girl of all work, Bridget. At the start of his morning he had a little change of staid in a lonely, out-of-the-way place, although he had increased his store; he had retained possession of it on the score of economy.

A brave, athletic man, and one who feared nothing human, he could not understand the terrors of his wife, Kathleen—indeed, gave them little thought. Besides, robbery was a thing almost unknown among the peasantry, and who would ever dream of his having a large amount of money in his wretched cabin? But it was not his custom to do so. Usually he deposited it in a secure place. So he gave the matter no further thought than to promise him that this should be his last journey (if he did as well as he anticipated), and tugged around, dithering the rickety-checked girls into purchasing thimble with which to dazzle the eyes of their beaux at the next fair.

With Kathleen, however, it was far different. As the night began to draw near and the wind to creep round the corners of the cabin and whistle down the chimney with a mournful sound, she bent thought herself of the sovereigns her husband had left, and taking the bag in which they were kept from the little cupboard behind the fire-place, she carefully tucked it between the beds, remarking at the same time to Bridget, that no one would ever think of looking for it there.

"No," was the reply. "It would be a smart man, sure, that would be looking for the children to find a gold!"

The next day, they were early sleepers, as well as early risers, the girl requested that she might be allowed to pass the evening with her sister, who resided about a mile distant, and the anxious wife, although sorely loth to do so, at length consented, insisting upon an early return.

"But you will be back early, Bridget?"

"As sure as I will that same. But don't be after fretting." And the girl departed. The lone woman fastened herself as best she might until a late hour, but the girl did not return. In a fever of anxiety, she watched it until fully another sixty minutes had passed, although it appeared to her like half a day; and then, considering it useless to remain up longer, she sought her own pillow, after commend-

ing herself to Him who is the protector of the widow and the father of the fatherless. But she had not closed her eyes before there was a loud rap upon the door.

"That you, Bridget?" she asked, hopefully.

"No," was the answer, and her heart sunk like lead within her. "No! I am a stranger—have lost my way; you must let me in."

"I cannot—cannot! I am a poor, lone woman, I dare not let you in!"

"You need have no fear. As there is a God in heaven, I will not harm you. I am an escaped convict—an innocent one—and as you have mercy in your heart, open the door."

When was such an appeal made to an Irish heart in vain? An escaped convict, and wanting succor? That is a taleman to open every door—to have the last potato or bit of bread forced into the hungry mouth. Yes, it is truly the open sesame to an Irish heart, and it operated so in this case.

The woman arose, opened the door, gave the fugitive food, and having again received his assurance that he would do her no harm, but on the contrary protect her, and having also seen him stretch himself upon the floor before the remnant of the peat fire, she again sought the side of her sleeping children.

But even then she was not allowed to rest. At first her fears kept her awake. Then came another rap for admission, and both she and her strange visitor arose.

"Is this part of your gang?" she asked in trembling whisper.

"I call heaven to witness," he answered solemnly, "that such is not the case. Ask them what they want."

She did so, and was told that they knew she had money in the house, and were determined to have it.

"Tell them," whispered the stranger, "that you have a friend with you, and that it will be dangerous for them to enter."

"I have a friend here," she said, going close to the door, "a man who will protect me, and you had better not try to get in."

"I know better," laughed a female voice, that of Bridget, the servant-girl; "I know that there is no one there except the children."

"What shall I—shall I do?" asked the poor woman, wringing her hands.

"Tell them," again said the stranger, "that I have pistols, and will shoot the first one that dares to step his foot within the door. God help me! I would not have blood upon hands; but I promised to protect you with my life, and I will. Warn them yet once more."

"Bridget," shouted Mrs. O'Brien, "the friend I have here has pistols, and will certainly kill you. I warn you to go away!"

Again the bold, loud laugh of the servant-girl rang out, and her voice could be distinctly heard urging them on.

"It's only talking they are. Devil a one is there in the cabin but the children. Break down the door, and be done with it. I tell you there's more'n a hundred pounds hidden between the beds."

"Stand back," whispered the convict to his hostess; "their blood be upon their own heads."

Scarcely had the words been uttered before heavy blows fell upon the door, and made it tremble upon its hinges.

The self-proclaimed protector stood a little on one side, calm and firm. In childhood he held a pistol, and his manner showed that he was no stranger to their uses.

"Down with the door!" shouted Bridget, for she stood aside and gave me the axe!

A shower of heavy blows, and it fell. The false servant-girl cowered, and dropped dead with a bullet buried in her brain. The foremost of the men met the same fate, and the others fled. They had quite enough of bloodshed.

With a wife and children of his own to protect, and both families will give as an incident to their descendants the little but true story of how a pardon was won.

Adown the ages' dingy glass, seven times his two-months' sand have run, and still the same in light shines forth my Irish mother's sin.

For just seven years ago today, was my lone life affection-sorbed, as my strongly loving wife, the widely heart, my darling, thought.

And yet it seems but yesterday we stood beside each other—wed, and vowed all the same in light. So go to sleep, my mother's sin!

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world as soon dress a humbled bee, and one pot-pie would use up the whole bread.

Next to the monkey, the crow has the most devilry in nature. They are born very wild, but can be tamed as easy as the goat can, but a tame crow is actually worse than a sore thumb.

If there is any thing about the horse that they can't get into, it is because the thing isn't big enough. I had rather watch a district school than one tame crow. Crows live on what they can steal, and they will steal any thing that ain't tied down.

They are fond of meat vittles, and are the first to hold an inquest over a departed horse, or still sheep. They are a fine bird to hunt, but a hard one to kill; they can see you 2 miles off, and will smelt a gun right through the side of a mountain.

They are not songsters, although they have a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing, they seem to understand thoroughly; long praxias has made them perfect.

The crow is a tall bird, and can stand the heat like a blacksmith, and the cold like a stonewall.

They hold their nest among a tree, and lay twice, and both eggs would hatch out if they were laid in a snow bank—there ain't no such thing as stopping a young crow.

Crows are very lengthy, I believe they live always, I never know one to die a natural death, and don't believe they die how.

They are always thin in flesh, and are like an injin rubber shoe, poor inside and out.

They are not considered fine eating, although I have seen somewhere or other, but still I never heard of the same man banking for some tilled crow 2 times.

This essay on the crow is copied from nature, and if it is true, I ain't to blame for it, nature made the crow, I didn't, if I had I would have made her more honest and not quite so tall.

THE "BOTTLER."

The Universalist Quarterly for January, gives an extract from a sermon by Cotton Mather before the General Assembly of Massachusetts Province, in 1709, in which he says:

"What is the matter about which I make such a Cry? Such a Repetitive Cry; and will not give over doing so. I am with all possible solemnity to tell you, such Prodigious Quantities of them, to be consumed among a People of our Engagements to be the most *Sober People* in the World, I must say, *Yes, a horrible Thing!* I repeat some capable Person, to compute the *Quantities*, and then make the most Proper and Obvious *References*; I am sure they must all say, *Yes, a horrible Thing!*"

In my Imperfections for a *STREET OF PURE GOLD*, if I am asked, When I will have done with my *Blows* upon the *Butt!* My Answer is, *When I see it broken*; When I see, its universally counted a *Shameful thing* to be too free with it; When I see People take it, only *When and As*, it may be useful to them.

Don't move to have the *Use of it* Banned, but the *Abuse and Excess of it*. And I most importantly move, That all *Sober People* throughout the Land would set themselves to think, *What must be done to have an end with the *Use of Moderation?* The French and the Indians have only *Soured* Us; but let it not be thought a *Paradox*, that one of the *Saint Punishments*, which ever did or ever can befall this poor Country, is the *Great Eaten, which this Liquor has among us*. It makes us *Poor*; It keeps us *Poor*, while *Families* may curse the Day, that ever the *Butt* came into them. It will soon make us a *Despicable Country*. All our *Strength* will be departed from us. Ah! New England, Thy *Strength* yet not be *pure Gold*; No, 'twill be a filthy *Pudding*; a waxy *Knead*. Yea, the *Whildest* of the World will dwell here; thy *Thou* will be full of *filthy Creatures*.*

Instead of Propounding LAWS, to re-trench a *Mischief*, not easy to come at, My Proposal is; That this One *Distasteful* may be Spred thro' the Country, and awfully considered of. *That this Liquor may be Useful, at some time and in some thing, yet so MAN* that I can't CONSIDER WILL HAVE BE GOOD FOR ANY MAN. It will infallibly stain his *Abilities*. He will discharge an *Office*, he ought to do; it will *Reel* him, a least very much *Flaccid* him, and make him very little better, than a man *from the Sinking* Take away from the *Butt*, for the *STREET*, and for the *University*, the *University* be a *Poor Fool*, and will do little by

him; he'll never be *Reverend*. When a man stands a *Candidate for Preference*, I move, *That it may be known whether he be a Friend of the But* or no?"

Could I make my Voice heard beyond the *Herald of the Temple*, I would say; Sirs, Why should you be willing to have your *Estates* Evaporated, your *Relics* Carbonized, your *Families* wretchedly Educated; Ah, *English New Englanders*, has the *Butt* so bewitched you? Why, why should you Expose your *Souls* to the hazard of that *Lake*, from whence the *Snake of the Tarent* shall ascend for ever and ever! All for a *BOTTLE!* A *Godly Price* are they valued at?"

CROSSING THE LINE.

A correspondent of the *Waltham Free Press*, gives the following description of the ceremony of initiating green sailors when crossing the line.

"During this passage we crossed the line, but were not visited by Neptune, as the process of initiating green hands while crossing the line has gone out of use during late years. Formerly, when a ship was on the line, green hands were made subjects to a cruel custom of ducking, shoving, &c., which I will illustrate by describing the ceremony as I saw it on board an English man-of-war a few years ago.

The captain of the fore-castle, a rough old tar, to whom a green hand was an eyesore, took the part of King Neptune; while the gunner's mate assumed that of Amphitrite his wife. Six of the most stalwart tars represented their children, and advanced from behind a canvas screen placed across the fore-castle. A large sail was doubled under the bridge and filled with water, in which rolled and tumbled about a dozen sailors stripped to the waist. Neptune and Amphitrite were dragged along decks by his six children; the former rode on a spare gun carriage, by the side of which stood the Ocean Barber, brandishing a huge razor made from an iron hoop, while a whitewash brush ornamented his waist. By his side walked his mate carrying a compound of grease, tar, paint, &c., in a deck bucket. Deck pumps and lines were rigged, and seamen were stationed in the tops with buckets for drawing water aloft. After saluting the captain, inquiring the name of the ship, and after the health of Queen Victoria, and exchanging much surprise and sorrow about the death of Nelson, they paraded of a bottle of grog, smacking their lips rather vulgarly for sea gods, when they took their seats on the bridge and sent their children for the new recruits, who were all below decks. There were about fifty to be initiated, and I will describe the first.

The first was a roaring, ramping Irishman, full of fight at any time, who had often said that he would never submit to such an operation. The six children found him on the main deck armed with a gun spike.

"Felix Flinn," said one, "your presence is required on the upper deck by King Neptune."

"May the devil fly away with you, Tant Morris, and Neptune too. I know your games, and you can't play them on me," said Flinn. And he retreated toward the manger armed with his club.

Some further parley ensued when, watching their opportunity they dashed upon him, he making a desperate stroke with his club. After a smart struggle Flinn was bound, his hands behind his back, and pushed on deck before the king.

He was then placed on a seat at the edge of the bridge, the seamen, or boys, watching for his fall into the sea. His eyes were then bandaged, and Neptune, placing a speaking trumpet close to his ear, shouted:

"What is your name?"

"Flinn, thinking he had better take it easy, answered—

"Felix Flinn, your honor."

"Where were you born?"

"Waterford, sir."

"Very good. Have you ever been initiated before?"

"Well, will you swear never to eat black bread when you can get white, unless you like black bread best?"

"Oh, come, do you think I'm a fool?" said Felix.

"Easy, easy. Do you swear never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress?"

"Yes," says Felix.

Now Neptune, who was determined to annoy Felix, knowing him to be a good Catholic, said:

"Do you, Felix Flinn, say God bless King Neptune, his wife Amphitrite, his six children, and to be a-1 with the pope."

"No," roared Flinn, "I'm a-1 with the pope."

"Barbar, do your duty," says Neptune.

The victim was then held, and half-ered, scraped, &c., most unmercifully, when he was tumbled neck and crop among the tars in the sea, who passed him through to the other end, where he emerged half-drowned, and his face bedaubed with the barbers' compound. He was then pronounced a son of Neptune, and made way for a fresh recruit.

There were about fifty hand-men under this ordeal. The last was one of the engineers—for officers were considered fit subjects as well as the foremost hands. This custom has gradually fallen into disuse, as sailors are a little more civilized than they were in Nelson's time.

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[illegible]